

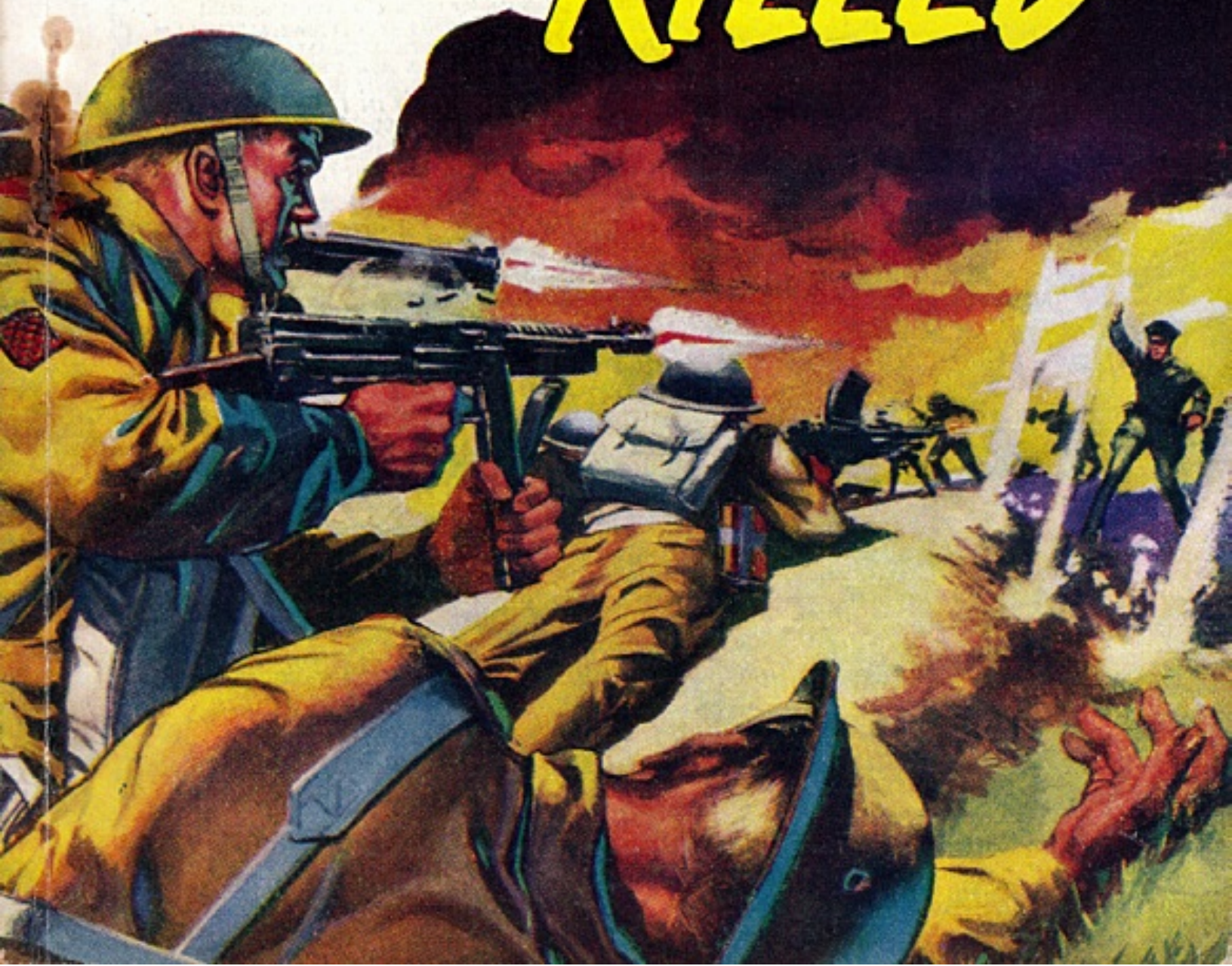
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# MISSING, *Believed Killed*

IN THE EYES OF THE YOUNG, WAR HAS ALWAYS HELD THE PROMISE OF ADVENTURE. IT WAS THE SPRING OF 1918 WHEN 17-YEAR-OLD CHRIS DREW SWORE TO THE TWENTY YEARS HE LOOKED, AND CROSSED THE CHANNEL TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE - ONLY TO LEARN THAT THE TASKS OF MEN CAN BE TOO GREAT FOR THE INEXPERIENCE OF BOYS,

HERE THEY COME!  
TAKE THIS MESSAGE  
BACK TO BATTALION,  
DREW. AND GET  
THROUGH, BOY, WE  
NEED HELP!





## Chapter 1. Ordeal

FOR THREE YEARS THERE HAD BEEN A DREADFUL STALEMATE ON THE WESTERN FRONT, BOTH SIDES LOSING HEAVILY IN THE SLOGGING BATTLES OF YPRES, MONS, AND THE SOMME. NOW, AS THE FLANDERS POPPIES BLOOMED AGAIN, THE GERMANS WERE STAGING A DESPERATE BREAKTHROUGH. IT WAS A TOUGH BAPTISM OF WAR FOR A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY...



A FEW SHORT WEEKS TRAINING, A POSTING TO AN INFANTRY UNIT AND THEN UP INTO THE FRONT LINE BEFORE HE COULD BARELY GET ACCLIMATISED TO THE MUD AND THE SOUL-DESTROYING FRIGHTFULNESS OF TRENCH WARFARE...

DON'T STAND GAWPING, YOUNG 'UN. HE'S COPPED IT. GET MOVING, LIKE THE OFFICER SAID.





THE LONG BARRAGE PRECEDING THE ATTACK HAD SHAKEN THE BOY MORE THAN HE DARED ADMIT. THE MEN'S SPINE-CHILLING STORIES OF GAS-ATTACKS, THE DEATH-DEALING MINENWERFERS, THE MULTI-BARRELLED MORTARS - AND NOW THIS CHARGE BY A NUMERICALLY STRONGER ENEMY - HAD LEFT HIS NERVES RAW. HE STUMBLED ALONG TOWARDS THE COMMUNICATION TRENCHES...



HE WAS NERVOUS ALL RIGHT! HE COULD NOT CONTROL THE TREMBLING OF HIS LIMBS AS HE STAGGERED ON.

AND I WANTED TO BE A SOLDIER! IF ONLY I COULD STOP BEING FRIGHTENED!



THE COMMUNICATION TRENCHES, SHALLOWER AND NARROWER THAN THE BATTLE TRENCHES, LED BACK TO THE RESERVE LINE, WHERE BATTALION HEADQUARTERS LAY IN DEEP DUG-OUTS. BUT THE ENEMY'S CREEPING BARRAGE HAD REACHED THERE BEFORE HIM...

THEY'RE SHELLING IT ALL THE WAY! I CAN'T GET THROUGH!





HE COULD NOT BE BLAMED FOR HIS NEXT ACTION. IN THE HOLOCAUST OF THAT WAR, HUNDREDS OF MEN LOST THEIR NERVE - AND CHRIS DREW WAS ONLY A BOY. HE SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE TRENCH AND BEGAN A CRAZY RUN ACROSS THE BATTLE-SCARRED GROUND.

I'VE GOT  
TO GET  
AWAY! I DON'T  
WANT  
TO  
DIE!



THIS WAS DESERTION. THE PENALTY WAS DEATH - IF HE LIVED TO FACE THE COURT-MARTIAL. DREW KNEW HE SHOULD HAVE TRIED TO GET THE MESSAGE THROUGH, BUT HE COULD NOT STOP HIMSELF IN HIS DESPERATE STUMBLING RUN AWAY FROM THE SHELL-FIRE.





HOW THE COTTAGE HAD SURVIVED WAS A MYSTERY. LIKE THE TOWER OF YPRES CATHEDRAL, IT HAD STOOD FOURSQUARE TO AN INFERNO OF SHELLS. THE STRONG STONE WALLS SEEMED TO OFFER REFUGE TO THE FRIGHTENED BOY.



DREW WAS WITHIN YARDS OF THE BACK DOOR WHEN A SHELL SCREAMED DOWN, THE BLAST HURLING HIM FORWARD...





## Chapter 2. *Blitzkrieg*

A GENERATION LATER, THE COTTAGE WAS STILL STANDING AND THE GERMANS WERE AGAIN FLOODING ACROSS THE LOW COUNTRIES. THREE MEN DROVE DOWN THE ROAD IN AN ARMY TRUCK, HEADING FOR A CHANNEL PORT. THE RAIN MISTING THE WINDSCREEN OF THE TRUCK SEEMED TO MAKE NO DIFFERENCE TO THE DRIVER.



CUT OFF FROM THEIR COMPANY, THE THREE MEN WERE TRYING TO MAKE IT ALONE TO THE COAST. JOE JOHNSON, THE DRIVER, KEPT THE JUDDERING WHEEL STEADY. STOLID, DEPENDABLE, JOE DID NOT PANIC EASILY.



JOE WAS CONFIDENT - BUT HE HAD NO CHANCE TO SEE THE NEXT SHELL CRATER. AS ONE FRONT WHEEL DROPPED INTO THE HOLE, THE TRUCK HUNG SICKENINGLY IN THE AIR, THEN PITCHED OVER, FLINGING OUT THE THREE MEN.

I TOLD YOU!

MARK IT,  
WE'RE NOT  
DEAD YET!

IT WAS A DISASTER! WITH THE TRUCK WRITTEN OFF, THEIR CHANCES OF GETTING AWAY HAD SHRUNK TO NOTHING. BUT ONLY ONE OF THE THREE SHOWED HIS FEAR...

N-NOW WE  
DON'T STAND  
AN EARTHLY!

I'VE TOLD YOU  
BEFORE, HAWKINS  
- WHEN IT'S YOUR  
TIME TO GET BUMPED  
OFF - YOU'LL GET  
BUMPED OFF!



THAT WAS SINCLAIR. AN ARTIST, HE BELIEVED IN FATE. IF A BULLET HAD YOUR NAME ON IT - THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD DO ABOUT IT! AT TIMES LIKE THESE, IT WAS A COMFORTING PHILOSOPHY...



STOP YOUR  
YAPPING AND  
SAVE YOUR BREATH,  
HAWKINS. TALKING  
WON'T DO YOU  
ANY GOOD.

LOOK  
OUT! A STUKA!  
LET'S GET  
OUT OF  
HERE!

THE STUKA POUNCED LIKE A HAWK, AND A BOMB PLUMMETED DOWN!  
THE THREE MEN DIVED FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE DITCH.



RIFLES ARE  
NO GOOD AGAINST  
THOSE PERISHERS.  
WISH I HAD A  
BREN!

THEY KNEW THE GERMANS WERE ON THEIR HEELS. WITHOUT TRANSPORT, THEY WERE IN DESPERATE TROUBLE. YET THEY STRUCK ACROSS COUNTRY, HOPING TO FIND SHELTER DURING THE COMING NIGHT. IT RAINED LITTLE DURING THAT MAY OF 1940 - BUT THIS WAS ONE OF THE BAD DAYS.

HEY! LOOK  
AT THAT PLACE!  
IT'LL DO - LET'S  
GET IN OUT OF  
THE WET.



THEY HAD TO HELP THE EXHAUSTED HAWKINS, WHO WAS NEARLY OUT ON HIS FEET. AS THEY NEARED THE COTTAGE, SINCLAIR GAVE THEM ANOTHER GEM OF HIS WISDOM.

WHY SHOULD  
WE WORRY ANYWAY?  
IT'LL BE ALL THE  
SAME A HUNDRED  
YEARS FROM  
NOW!

DON'T TALK  
DRIVEL! IF I'M THE  
SAME IN TWENTY  
YEARS FROM NOW,  
SINCLAIR - I'LL - I'LL  
BUY YOU A  
PERISHING DRINK!





THERE WAS THE REMAINS OF A MEAL ON THE TABLE, LONG COLD. IT HAD BEEN A HARD WINTER AND THERE WAS AN ATMOSPHERE OF DARKNESS IN THE PLACE INTENSIFIED BY THE RAIN OUTSIDE.

IT'S AS MISERABLE AS THE GRAVE! LET'S LIGHT A FIRE.

NO! THE JERRIES'D SPOT THE SMOKE. ANYWAY, WE CAN'T STAY HERE LONG.



JOE - I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID OUT THERE. DO YOU RECKON WE'LL STILL BE AROUND IN TWENTY YEARS' TIME?

JOE NEVER HAD UNDERSTOOD HAWKINS. BUT CLEARLY HE NEEDED CHEERING UP!

OF COURSE WE WILL! HERE - LET'S MAKE A DEAL TO MEET UP TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW - ON THE TWENTIETH OF MAY, NINETEEN SIXTY!



EVEN SINCLAIR PLAYED ALONG WITH THE IDEA. HE, TOO, SAW HAWKINS' DEPRESSED STATE AND WANTED TO SNAP HIM OUT OF IT.



BUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENED. JOE HAD HIS RIFLE READY IN A FLASH. A MAN STOOD WEAKLY IN THE DOORWAY, HOLDING HIMSELF UPRIGHT BY CLUTCHING AT THE DOOR SURROUND. AT JOE'S CHALLENGE, HE SPOKE...






THE NEWCOMER WAS ENGLISH. JOE COULD SEE THAT, AS HIS FINGER RELAXED ON THE TRIGGER. HE LOOKED LIKE A CIVILIAN - ON THE RUN LIKE THEMSELVES.

WHERE THE HECK  
DID YOU SPRING  
FROM? WHO ARE YOU,  
ANYWAY?



THE STRANGER SEEMED TO BE IN A DAYDREAM. BUT HIS FACE HAD BRIGHTENED, AS IF SOMETHING HAD PLEASED HIM.

MY NAME'S DREW.  
I HEARD YOU TALKING  
ABOUT MEETING IN  
TWENTY YEARS' TIME. I'D  
LIKE TO COME, TOO. HOW  
ABOUT MAKING IT THE  
TURK'S HEAD - JUST OFF  
OXFORD STREET?



# Chapter 3. *The Frightened Man*

TWENTY YEARS - HOW QUICKLY THEY PASS! THE PLACE WAS THE TURK'S HEAD OFF OXFORD STREET, LONDON. THE TIME - THE TWENTIETH OF MAY, 1960. IN THE SALOON BAR, A BLUFF, GENIAL LONDON TAXI-DRIVER GREETED TWO MEN...





THEY TALKED OF THEIR ADVENTURES AFTER THE WAR - HAWKINS OF HIS SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS IN THE MIDLANDS, SINCLAIR OF HIS LATEST EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, AND JOE JOHNSON OF THE NEW CAB HE HAD BOUGHT. AND THEY WATCHED THE DOOR EVERY TIME IT SWUNG OPEN...



IT HAD BEEN DREW WHO HAD CHOSEN THIS RENDEZVOUS, YET HE WAS THE ONLY ONE MISSING. EVEN SO, ANYTHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THE MAN SINCE THAT MEMORABLE DAY IN 1940.



FOR A MOMENT THEY ARGUED... THEN JOE SETTLED IT.

LET'S FIND OUT WHO SAW HIM LAST. REMEMBER HOW WE'D DECIDED TO SPLIT UP AND GET TO THE COAST ON OUR OWN? DREW SAID HE'D GIVE YOU A HAND, HAWKINS. WHAT HAPPENED THEN?



HAWKINS LET HIS MIND DRIFT BACK TO THAT DAY IN THE COTTAGE. HE HAD BEEN TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD - AND VERY FRIGHTENED. THE PLAN OF SPLITTING UP, EACH MAN ON HIS OWN, HAD NOT APPEALED TO HIM, AND HE HAD LEAPT AT DREW'S OFFER TO STICK WITH HIM.

AFTER YOU TWO HAD GONE, DREW AND I WAITED FOR A BIT...





HAWKINS' STORY CONTINUED. FOR SOME TIME THEY HAD SAT ALONE IN THE COTTAGE.



SUDDENLY, THE WINDOW CRASHED IN WITH A SPLINTERING OF BROKEN GLASS. A HARSH GERMAN VOICE RANG OUT...



HAWKINS SAT TRANSFIXED. HE STARED STRAIGHT INTO THE BARREL OF A SCHMEISSER CARBINE LIKE A MESMERISED RABBIT IN FRONT OF A SNAKE...



IN THE ANGLE OF THE WALL, DREW WAS HIDDEN FROM THE GERMAN. HE STRUCK SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, WRENCHED THE GUN FROM THE GERMAN'S CLUTCHES.





DREW MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING TO THE COTTAGE DOORWAY. AS THE REST OF THE GERMAN PATROL APPEARED, HE TRIGGERED A STREAM OF LEAD AT THEM.



DREW SEEMED TO IGNORE THE WILD RETURN SHOTS THAT SPLINTERED THE DOOR POST NEXT TO HIM. COLDLY AND EFFICIENTLY HE FIRED AT THE SURPRISED ATTACKERS.



RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK, HAWKINS WAS GALVANISED INTO ACTION. DREW, WITHOUT HASTE, BEGAN TO FILL HIS POCKETS WITH GERMAN AMMUNITION.



DREW WAS SUPREMEY CONFIDENT. THIS WAS A DIFFERENT MAN TO THE BOY WHOSE NERVE HAD CRACKED WHEN THE BARRAGE HAD SHATTERED HIM... AS IF THE YEARS IN BETWEEN HAD DONE MORE THAN CHANGE A BOY INTO A MAN.





DREW LED THE WAY ALONG FIELD PATHS HE SEEMED TO KNOW WELL. AT LAST THEY REACHED A FARMHOUSE BORDERING THE MAIN ROAD.



BUT HAWKINS WAS STILL JITTERY. HE WOULD HAVE JUMPED AT HIS OWN TREMBLING SHADOW.



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE FARM, THE BEARDED BELGIAN REFUSED CHRIS DREW'S REQUEST.



FOR A MOMENT, DREW LOOKED PUZZLED.

BUT  
YOU CANNOT  
MEAN THAT—  
I AM YOUR  
NEIGHBOUR!

I MUST  
THINK OF MY  
WIFE AND  
CHILD— THE  
NAZIS WILL  
SHOW US NO  
MERCY.



IT WAS OBVIOUS THE FARMER WAS NOT GOING TO CO-OPERATE. HIDING ENGLISHMEN WAS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS WITH THE GERMANS NOT FAR AWAY, TOO DANGEROUS FOR A MAN WITH A FAMILY TO SAFEGUARD.

WE WILL  
NOT STAY LONG—  
ONLY UNTIL A  
BRITISH VEHICLE  
GOES BY!





GRUMBLING, THE BELGIAN GAVE WAY. AT DREW'S DIRECTION, HE TOLD HIS WIFE TO PROVIDE FOOD FOR THE TWO MEN.



A GERMAN ARMoured CAR WAS PULLING INTO THE FARMYARD! HAWKINS PANICKED AGAIN AS DREW WHIPPED A GRENADE FROM HIS BELT.



DREW TURNED ON THE BELGIAN, BITING MENACE IN HIS VOICE. CAUGHT BETWEEN THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA, THE FARMER GAVE IN.

WE ARE GOING TO THE BARN! IF THE BOCHES COME, I SHALL KNOW YOU HAVE GIVEN US AWAY - AND I WILL BLOW YOUR HOUSE UP WITH THIS!

HIDE YOURSELF - I WILL NOT TELL THEM...



THEY REACHED THE BARN FROM THE REAR OF THE FARMHOUSE. DREW LED THE WAY AT A RUN.

UP THERE, QUICKLY, MAN!

PHEW! I'M FAGGED OUT-



FROM THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE BARN, THE TWO MEN COULD SEE THE ARMoured CAR CLEARLY.

THEY'RE TALKING TO THE FARMER! IF HE TELLS THEM...





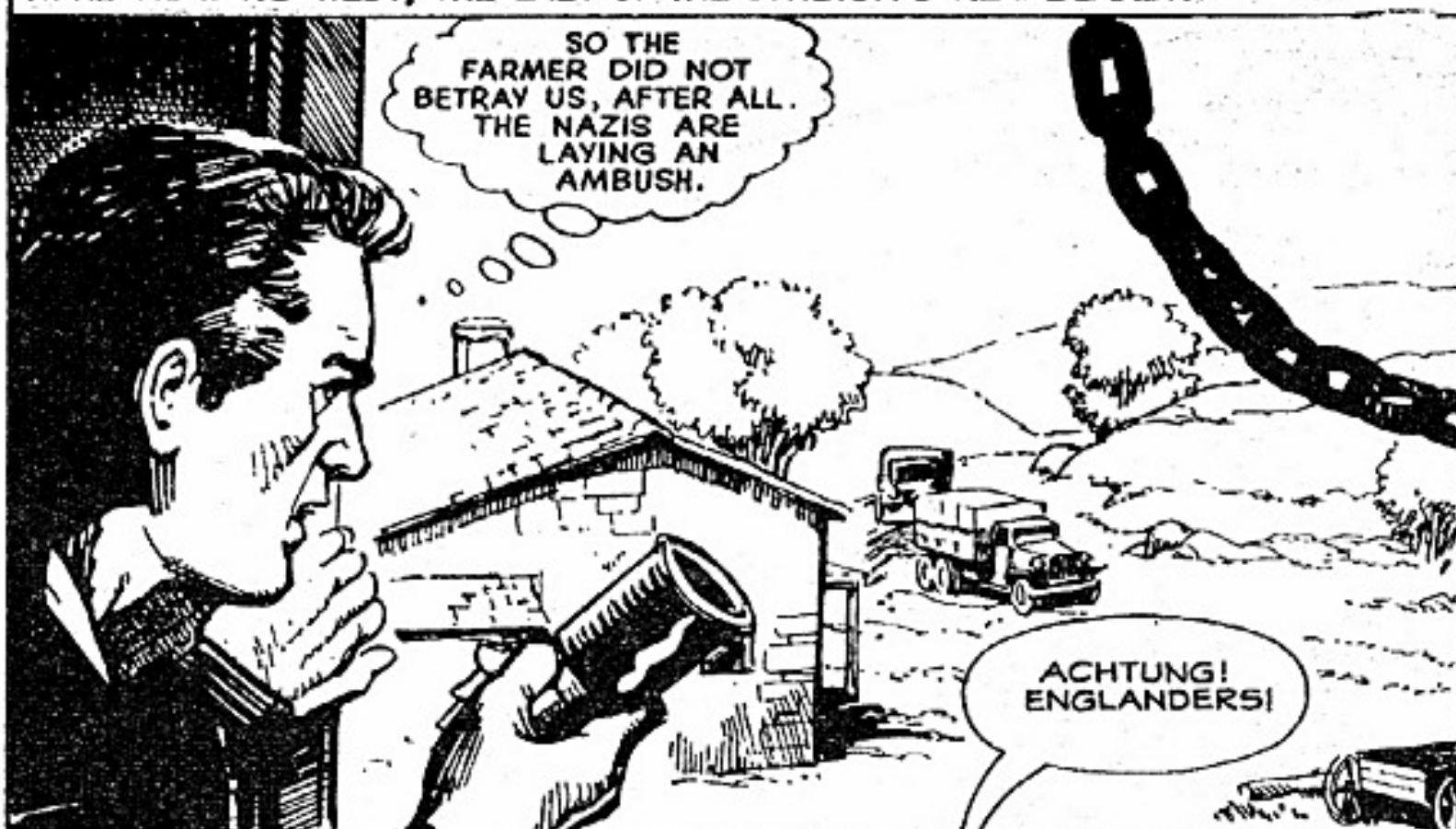
FOR A TENSE MINUTE THEY WAITED, ONLY HAWKINS' PANTING BREATH BREAKING THE SILENCE. THEN...



THE GERMAN ARMoured VEHICLE ROARED ACROSS THE FARMYARD AND SCREECHED TO A HALT BENEATH THEM. HAWKINS SHRANK BACK INTO THE SHADOWS!



DREW WAS JUST ABOUT TO HURL THE GRENADE, WHEN HE SAW THE REASON FOR THE GERMANS' HURRIED CHANGE OF POSITION. TWO BRITISH TRUCKS WERE HEADING WEST, THE LAST OF THE DIVISION'S REARGUARD...



THE ENEMY WAS TOO EAGER FOR THE KILL. THE FIRST SHOTS FROM THE ARMOURD CAR HIT NOTHING, AND WARNED THE ONCOMING TRUCKS OF THEIR DANGER. DESPERATELY, THEY TRIED TO SWING ROUND...





IN THE BARN, HAWKINS FACED DREW. FRIGHTENED AS HE WAS, THE FAT MAN SHOWED A RARE SPARK OF COURAGE.



HAWKINS SWUNG ALL HIS THIRTEEN STONE ON TO THE CHAIN AND DREW FIXED THE HOOK ON TO A LARGE PULPING MACHINE THAT STOOD TO ONE SIDE IN THE HAY-LOFT.



WITH THE RATCHET RUNNING FREE, THE HEAVY, CAST-IRON PULPING MACHINE SWUNG THROUGH THE DOOR AND PLUNGED DOWNWARDS. THE BARREL OF THE GERMAN GUN AND THE FRONT OF THE TURRET SHEARED AWAY LIKE PAPER!






THE GERMANS STRUGGLED TO FREE THE TURRET COVER. ALMOST CASUALLY, DREW LEANED OUT AND DROPPED THE STICK GRENADE INTO THE OPENING THE RISING TURRET COVER HAD EXPOSED. THERE WAS A MUFFLED EXPLOSION - AND FIRE STREAKED FROM EVERY APERTURE IN THE VEHICLE.



THE BRITISH OFFICER WITH THE TRUCK OFFERED THEM BOTH A LIFT. IT WOULD BE NO JOYRIDE. GERMAN PANZERS WERE SAVAGING THE COUNTRYSIDE IN PACKS AND STUKAS WERE HUNTING FOR TARGETS. BUT IT WAS A CHANCE TO REACH SAFETY.




BUT DREW SHOOK HIS HEAD. HE WAS NOT GOING. HE RESISTED ALL HAWKINS' PLEAS AND ARGUMENTS.



GOOD LUCK  
TO YOU. I'VE  
GOT SOMETHING  
ELSE TO DO  
BEFORE I SHOVE  
OFF.

THE FAT MAN LOOKED AT THE RECEDING FIGURE. HE WAS A STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER BUT HAWKINS WAS DETERMINED ON ONE THING - HE OWED HIS LIFE TO THIS MAN!



THE TURK'S HEAD,  
OFF OXFORD STREET,  
TWENTY YEARS FROM  
TODAY, I'LL BE THERE,  
MISTER DREW!



## Chapter 4. *Defiant Village*

IT WAS SINCLAIR WHO HAD TAKEN UP THE THREAD OF THE STORY. LEAVING THE COTTAGE, HE AND JOE JOHNSON HAD INTENDED TO STRIKE OUT ALONE, BUT THEY DID NOT GET THE CHANCE! THE LEADING NAZI TROOPS HAD ALREADY REACHED THE AREA.



THE TWO MEN DOUBLED BACK TOWARDS THE COTTAGE, THEN FOLLOWED A DITCH ALONG THE EDGE OF A FIELD.



FROM THEIR HIDING-PLACE, THEY HAD WATCHED THE ENEMY TROOPS HEAD FOR THE COTTAGE. JOE HAD WANTED TO FIRE WARNING SHOTS, BUT SINCLAIR HAD POINTED OUT ITS USELESSNESS.

THAT WON'T SAVE THEM! THEY'VE HAD IT ANYWAY. NO USE STICKING OUR NECKS OUT.



THE WAY DREW HAD DEALT WITH THE GERMANS HAD LEFT JOE SPEECHLESS WITH ADMIRATION...

STONE THE CROWS!  
THAT BLOKE'S A WIZARD.  
LET'S JOIN UP WITH  
'EM AGAIN!



NO. WE'LL STICK TO THE PLAN.  
EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF. HAWKINS'LL BE OKAY WITH THAT GUY.



IT HAD BEEN JOE JOHNSON'S IDEA TO TAKE AN ABANDONED GERMAN MOTOR-CYCLE. IT MIGHT GET THEM MILES ON THEIR WAY BEFORE THEY HAD TO DISCARD IT.

IT'S A GOOD  
IDEA - BUT I CAN'T  
DRIVE ONE!

THAT'S OKAY.  
YOU RIDE ON  
THE BOX AS  
PASSENGER.  
COME ON!



BUT BEFORE THEY REACHED THE MOTOR-CYCLES, ANOTHER SECTION OF THE GERMAN RECCE SQUADRON ROARED DOWN THE SIDE LANE, FORCING THEM TO ABANDON THE PLAN.

WE'RE TOO  
LATE!



THAT'S FATE!  
WE WEREN'T MEANT  
TO GET AWAY!

FOR FORTY MINUTES, THEY KEPT UNDER COVER AS THE NEWLY ARRIVED GERMANS FOUND THEIR DEAD COMRADES AT THE COTTAGE, THEN SEARCHED THE AREA, LEAVING A GUARD ON THE BIKES. FINALLY JOE'S PATIENCE GAVE WAY.

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S RUSH THE GUARD. WE CAN GET AWAY BEFORE THE REST TWIG IT!



IT'S LIKE SLAPPING THE FACE OF PROVIDENCE, JOE - BUT I'LL RISK IT.



THEY REACHED THE TWO GUARDS UNDETECTED. SINCLAIR'S RIFLE SWUNG IN A VICIOUS ARC, WHILE JOE PUT AN ARM LOCK ON THE OTHER SENTRY.

AAAGH!

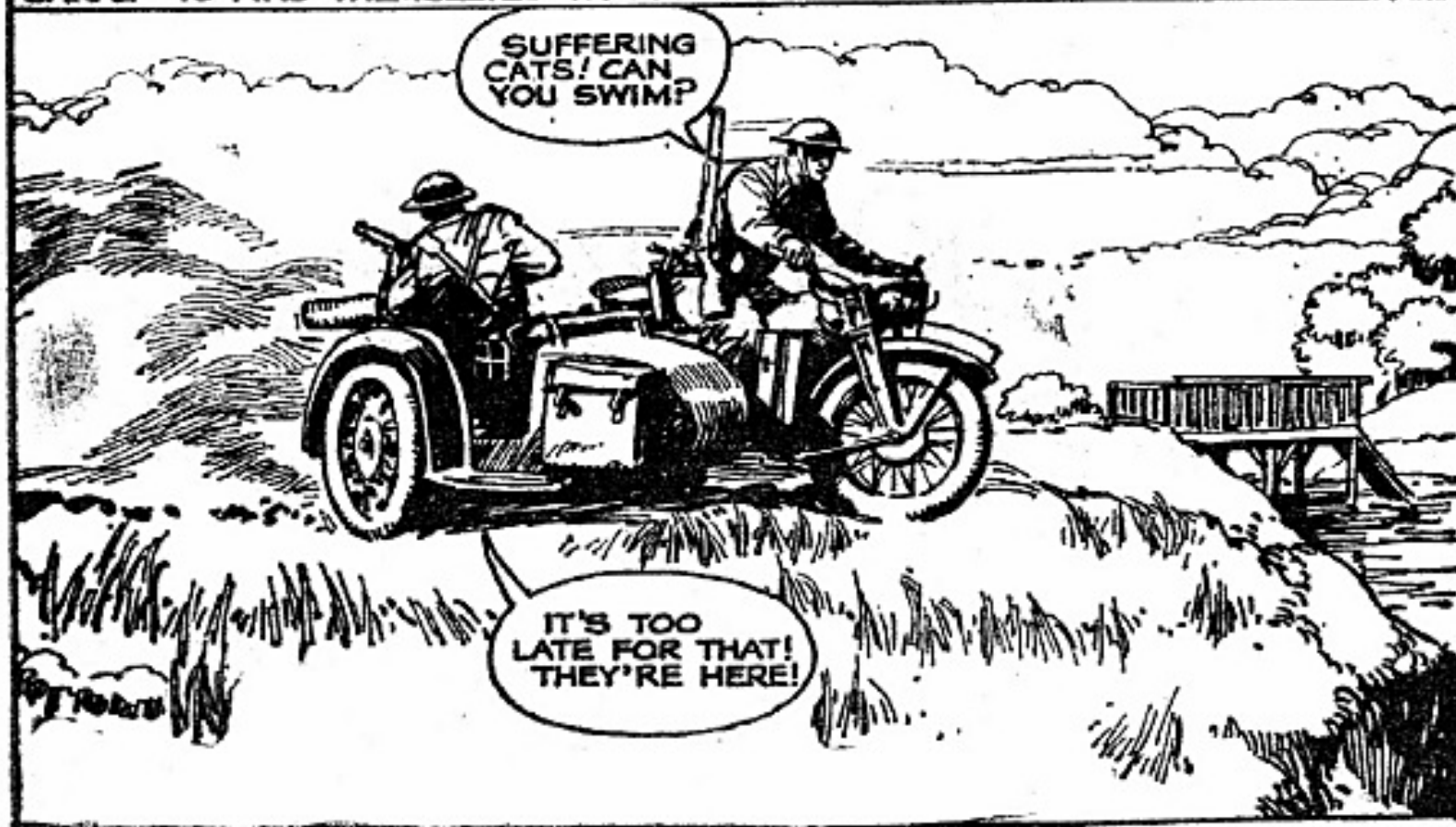




ALARMED BY THE SPLUTTERING ROAR OF THE ENGINE AS JOE KICKED IT TO LIFE, THE SEARCHING GERMANS CAME RACING BACK. IN THEIR HURRY TO REACH THE MOTOR-CYCLES, THEY FIRED WILDLY AFTER THE FUGITIVES...



IT WAS A DESPERATE RACE. WITH THREE GERMAN MOTOR-CYCLE TEAMS ON THEIR TRACK, JOE STRUGGLED TO HOLD HIS LEAD. THEY REACHED A CANAL - TO FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED! THE BRIDGE HAD BEEN BLOWN UP!



OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED, THEY WAITED FOR THE GERMANS TO COME WITHIN RANGE. PREPARED TO DO THEIR BEST, THOUGH THE OUTCOME WAS INEVITABLE. SUDDENLY, A STICK GRENADE SEEMED TO FLY OUT OF NOWHERE...



THE EXPLOSION SHATTERED THE LEADING GERMAN MOTOR-CYCLE COMBINATION. AS THE FOLLOWING MACHINES PILED UP ON THE WRECKAGE, THE STUTTER OF A SCHEISSER CARBINE RANG OUT ABOVE THE SHOUTS OF THE ASTONISHED GERMANS.

JOE! IT'S  
DREW! HE'S  
SAVED US!





MISTER DREW! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WHERE DID YOU SPRING FROM?



NEVER MIND THAT NOW. YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. DRIVE THE BIKE ALONG THE CANAL TOW-PATH. I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY.



DREW WOULD ANSWER NO QUESTIONS, EXCEPT TO ASSURE THEM THAT HAWKINS WAS SAFE. HE MADE JOE STEER THE COMBINATION ALONG THE TOW-PATH, A BUMPY, RISKY RIDE, WITH ONLY JOE JOHNSON'S SKILL KEEPING THEM FROM A PLUNGE INTO THE WATER.

NOT SO FAST, JOE! YOU'LL HAVE US IN!

STOP WORRYING, SINCLAIR!



THEY FOLLOWED THE CANAL NORTH, HEADING FOR THE SAND DUNES OF THE COAST. THE ENEMY, FLOODING ACROSS FLANDERS, HAD YET TO REACH THIS FAR. BUT THEY WERE EXPECTED - AS THEY FOUND IN THE VILLAGE OF AANST!



AS THE BIKE COUGHED TO A STANDSTILL, A SHOT RANG OUT, THEN ANOTHER, RICOCHETTING FROM THE GROUND NEAR THEM...





THE THREE MEN RAISED THEIR HANDS. VILLAGERS, GENDARMES AND ONE OR TWO BELGIAN SOLDIERS, SURGED FORWARD EXCITEDLY. DREW FOUND ONE MAN WHO SPOKE ENGLISH.

YOU ARE ENGLISH!  
BUT - THE MOTOR-  
CYCLE? YOU CAPTURE  
IT FROM LES  
BOCHES, EH?

THAT'S IT,  
MONSIEUR. PLEASE  
LET US THROUGH  
THE BARRIER.



IT WAS A VILLAGE ON THE BRINK OF VIOLENT WAR, THE PEOPLE NOT KNOWING WHETHER TO STAY OR TO FLEE. FOR THE SECOND TIME IN LIVING MEMORY, THE HATED BOCHE WAS DESECRATING THEIR LAND.

THE WIRELESS  
IS FULL OF NOTHING  
BUT BAD NEWS.  
OUR YOUNG MEN  
WISH TO FIGHT.

IT IS TOO LATE  
FOR THAT. MY ADVICE  
IS TO LET THE  
GERMANS THROUGH  
IN PEACE.



SINCLAIR LISTENED IN AMAZEMENT. DREW WAS ADVISING THEM TO SURRENDER!

WHAT SORT OF TALK IS THAT, DREW? NO WONDER THE JERRIES ARE WINNING IF EVERYBODY THINKS THAT WAY!



QUIETLY, DREW TRIED TO EXPLAIN. HE SAW NO SENSE IN UNTRAINED CIVILIANS TRYING TO STOP A BLITZKRIEG.

THAT WAS THE ARMY'S JOB - AND THEY'VE FAILED. WHY SHOULD THESE PEOPLE GET THEMSELVES KILLED?

IT'S EVERYBODY'S JOB TO FIGHT TO THE LAST. YOU KNOW MY PHILOSOPHY - IF THEY'VE GOT TO DIE, THEY'LL DIE!



AS IF TO UNDERLINE HIS WORDS, A FLIGHT OF STUKAS CAME WINGING OUT OF THE SKY, MACHINE-GUNS CHATTERING, SCORNING TO WASTE THEIR BOMBS ON SUCH AN INSIGNIFICANT TARGET.



STUKAS! AND THEY'RE MOWING DOWN THE VILLAGERS IN COLD BLOOD!



# Missing, Believed Killed

THE STUKAS DISAPPEARED AGAIN, LEAVING A PITIFUL SCATTERING OF DEAD AND WOUNDED, SINCLAIR, HIS FACE WHITE WITH FURY, TURNED ON DREW.

LOOK, DREW. IS THAT YOUR ADVICE? SURRENDER- AND DIE!

STEADY, MAN! THIS DOESN'T ALTER A THING. IN ANY CASE, WE'VE GOT TO MOVE ON.



IT WAS TIME TO GO! ALONG THE LINE OF THE CANAL CAME THE SPEARHEAD OF THE ADVANCING GERMAN ARMY...

MONSIEUR! LES BOCHES! THEY ARE COMING!



OBSTINATE AS ONLY AN IDEALIST CAN BE, SINCLAIR REFUSED TO MOVE. HE DEMANDED THE RIGHT TO STAY AT THE SIDE OF THE FIGHTING - MAD VILLAGERS.

I'M NOT  
RUNNING ANY  
FARTHER. I  
CAN'T LEAVE  
THESE PEOPLE  
AT A TIME  
LIKE THIS!

HE'S RIGHT,  
BY GOLLY! LET'S  
HAVE A BASH  
AT THE JERRIES!



IT WAS CRAZY FROM THE START, BUT DREW DROPPED HIS ARGUMENTS AND TOOK UP HIS PLACE AT THE BARRICADE. THE LEADING ARMoured CAR WAS CLOSE...

THIS IS  
LUNACY, JOE!  
THERE IS NOTHING  
WE CAN DO  
TO HELP...

I KNOW, MATE -  
BUT IT'S  
SOMETHING  
WE'VE JUST GOT  
TO DO, SEE?





DREW HAD MADE IT CLEAR HOW HE FELT. BUT NOW THEY WERE COMMITTED TO AIDING THE CIVILIANS, HE TOOK COMMAND OF THE MOTLEY GROUP.



DREW WAITED UNTIL THE ARMoured CARS WERE WITHIN FORTY YARDS OF THE BARRIER. THE GERMAN CREWS OBVIOUSLY EXPECTED LITTLE OPPOSITION.



THE LEADING VEHICLE, LURCHED SIDWAYS AS A BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE KILLED THE DRIVER. BUT THE CAR'S GUNNER WAS REAPING DEATH AMONG THE DEFENDERS,



QUICKLY, AIDED BY SOME OF THE BELGIANS, THEY CARRIED SINCLAIR INTO THE NEAREST HOUSE.





SINCLAIR'S WOUND WAS SERIOUS. DREW THREW A QUICK GLANCE AT JOE...



THEY DID AS HE ASKED. THERE WAS NO TIME NOW. THE OTHER ARMoured CARS WERE WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE - AND THE BELGIANS WERE WAVING A WHITE FLAG...



HE STANDS A BETTER CHANCE THAN YOU THINK! I TOOK THE MAGAZINE OUT OF HIS RIFLE. THE GERMANS WILL MAKE HIM A PRISONER OF WAR. HE MAY MAKE THAT DATE AT THE TURK'S HEAD IN TWENTY YEARS' TIME!

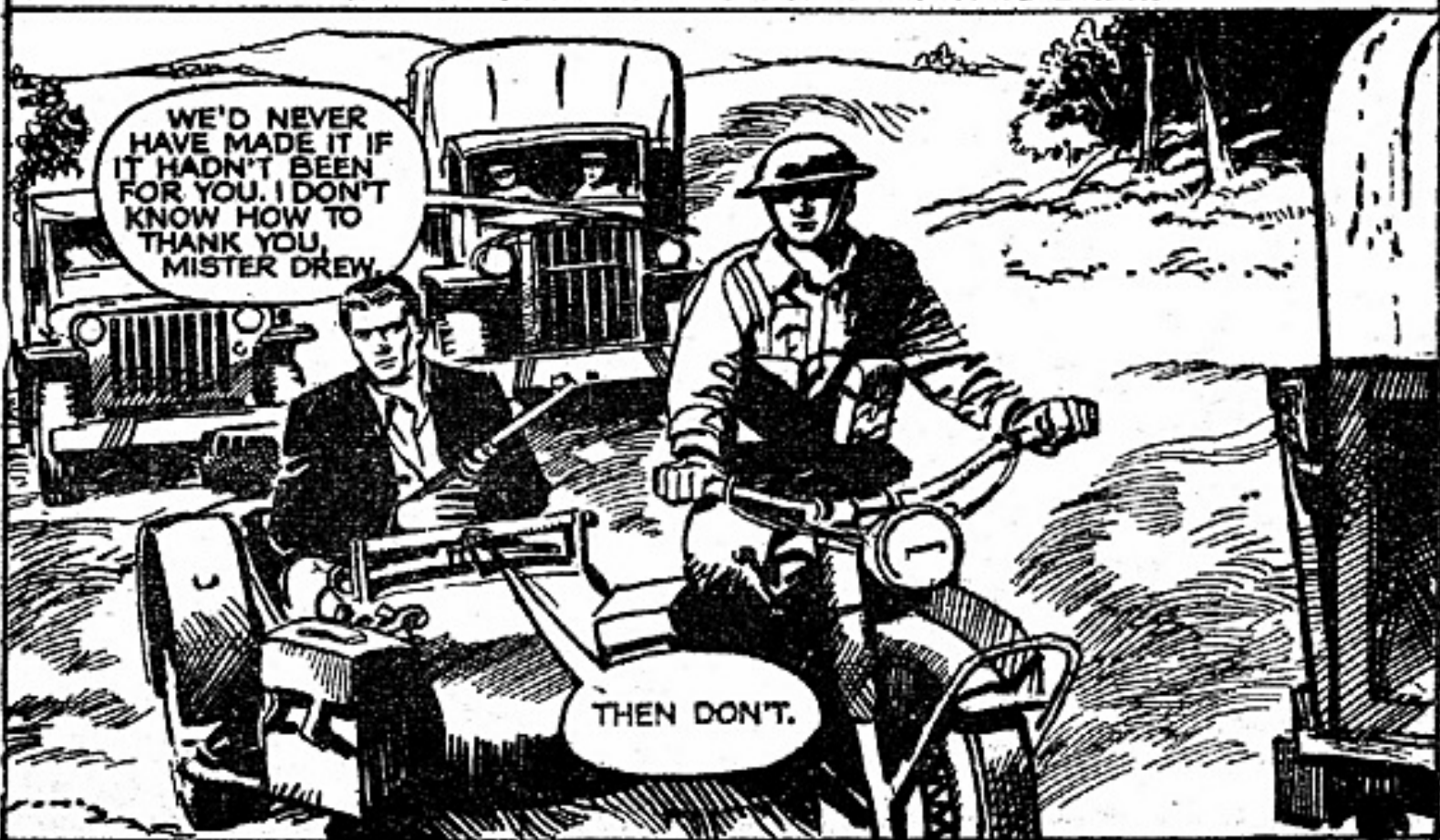


## Chapter 5. *Mission Without Hope*

JOE JOHNSON HAD TIED UP SINCLAIR'S STORY AND CONTINUED WITH HIS OWN. FROM AANST, THEY REACHED THE COAST ROAD. ALONG IT, THE RETREATING ALLIED ARMIES FLOWED TOWARDS DUNKIRK.



WHATEVER HAPPENED NOW, THEY WERE NOT ON THEIR OWN. JOE FELT A DEEP COMFORT AT THE THOUGHT, AND HE KNEW HE OWED IT TO DREW.





*Missing, Believed Killed*

WITH THE LESSENING OF TENSION, JOE BECAME CURIOUS ABOUT THE STRANGER WHO HAD DONE SO MUCH FOR ALL THREE OF THEM...

WHAT HAPPENED  
TO YOUR UNIT,  
MISTER?

THEY WERE  
WIPE OUT.  
MOST OF  
THEM TRIED  
TO FIGHT  
BACK, BUT...

DREW SPOKE IN A FLAT, TONELESS VOICE, WITHOUT SPIRIT OR FIRE. JOE UNDERSTOOD - THIS MAN HAD LOST ALL HIS COMRADES...

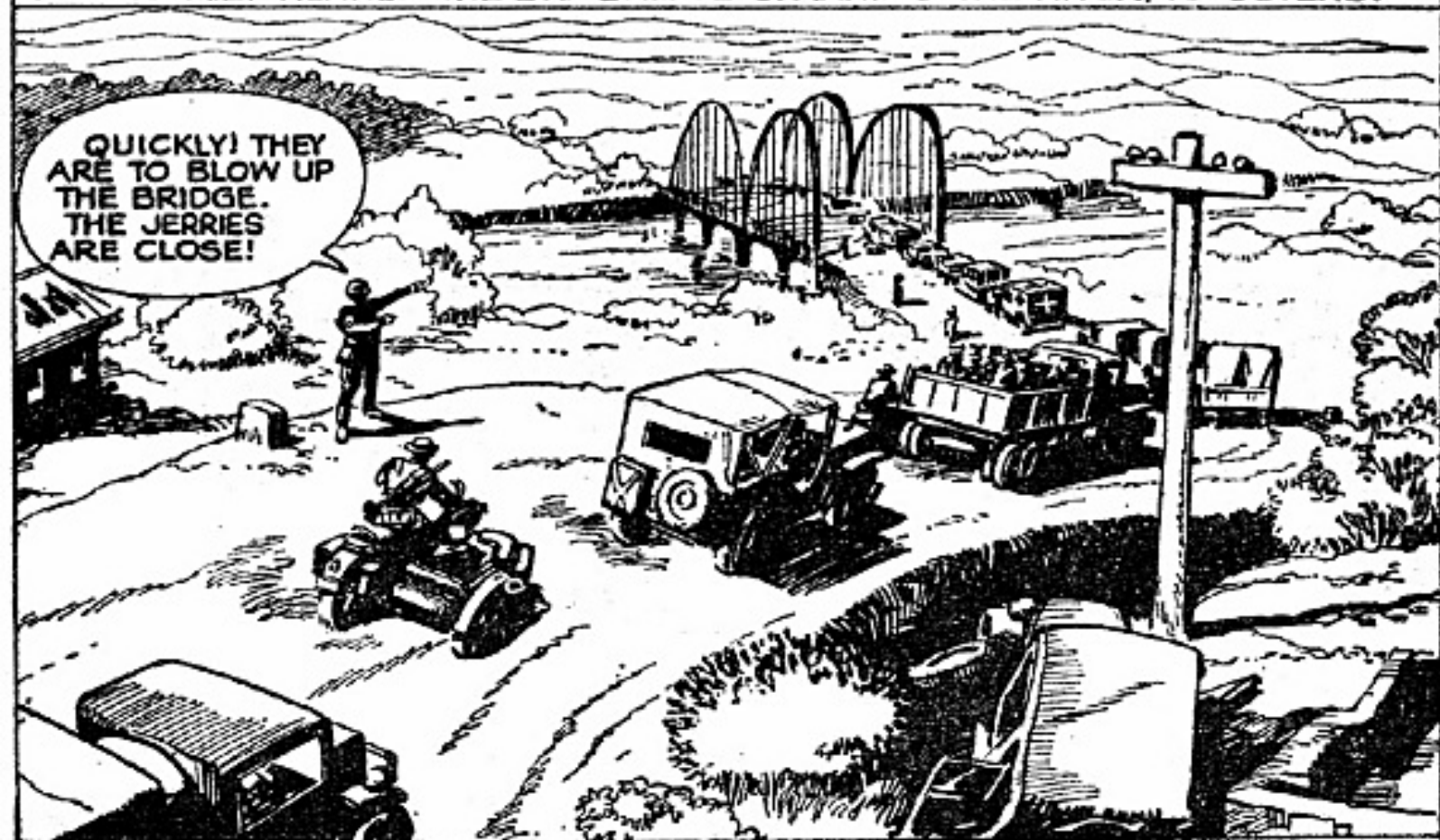
I'M SORRY ABOUT  
THAT, MISTER.  
WASN'T MUCH YOU  
COULD HAVE  
DONE, THOUGH...

BUT THERE  
WAS - I COULD  
HAVE STAYED  
WITH THEM -  
MAYBE EVEN  
SAVED THEM!



I COULDN'T HELP  
RUNNING AWAY! I  
KNEW IT WAS WRONG—  
BUT I COULDN'T FACE  
THE BARRAGE... I  
WAS SCARED OUT OF  
MY MIND!

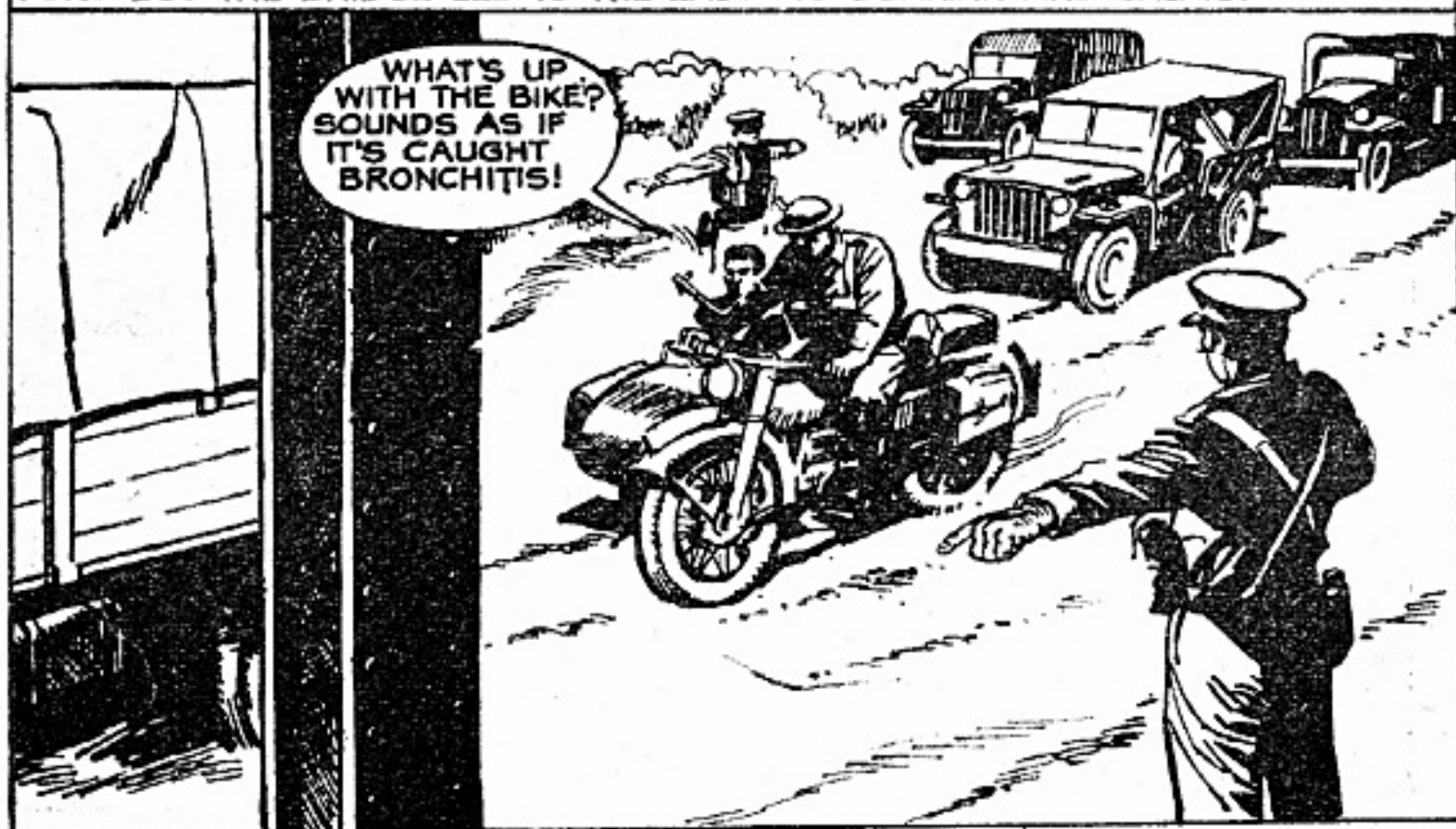
IT DID NOT MAKE SENSE TO JOE JOHNSON. HE HAD LITTLE TIME TO FIGURE IT  
OUT AS THEY NEARED THE BIG BRIDGE SPANNING THE RIVER, TO OSTEND.



QUICKLY! THEY  
ARE TO BLOW UP  
THE BRIDGE.  
THE JERRIES  
ARE CLOSE!



ALREADY THE BIG PORT INSTALLATIONS WERE BEING DESTROYED. AS THE ALLIES COULD NOT HOLD THE PERIMETER, IT WAS NO USE AS AN EVACUATION PORT BUT THE BRIDGE LED TO THE EAST - TO DUNKIRK AND CALAIS.



THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE WAS SIMPLE - THEY HAD RUN OUT OF PETROL! THE BIKE COUGHED TO A STANDSTILL AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRIDGE - TO THE ANNOYANCE OF THE BRITISH MILITARY POLICEMEN.



THE TRAFFIC WAS LESSENING NOW, BUT THERE WAS A BIG ARMY THREE-TONNER DRIVING UP - A LATECOMER. JOE SIGNALLED IT TO STOP.



JOE LOOKED IN AT THE BACK OF THE TRUCK. THIS WAS THE FIRST BUNCH OF GERMAN PRISONERS HE HAD SEEN.





THEY LET THE TRUCK DRIVE ON AND SETTLED TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE. SUDDENLY, DREW, WHO HAD BEEN STARING AFTER IT, GAVE A PIERCING SHOUT.

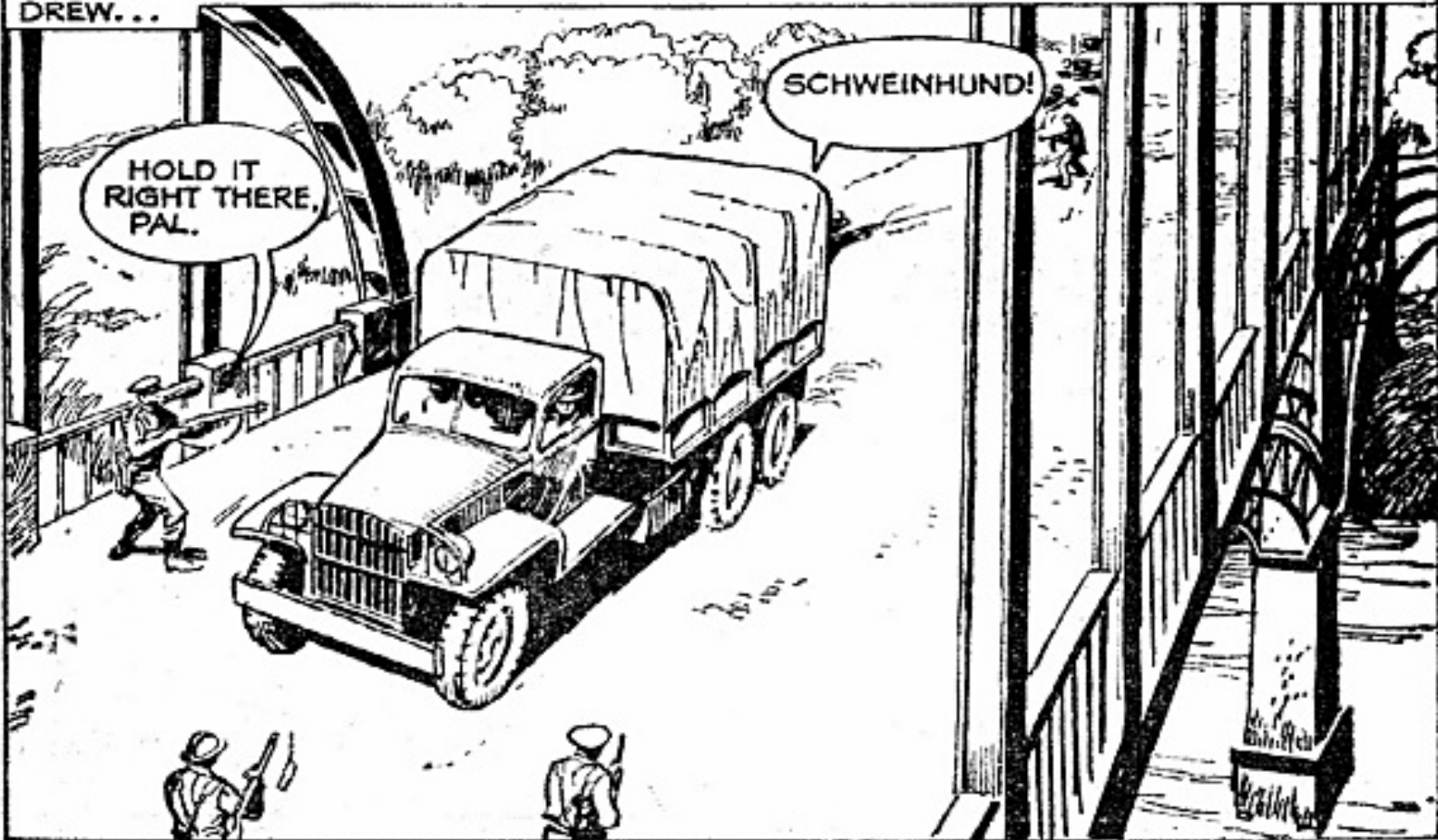
STOP THAT TRUCK! THEY'RE NOT PRISONERS! THEY'RE ALL GERMANS! IT'S A TRICK!



ONE ALERT MILITARY POLICEMAN AIMED HIS RIFLE AT THE CAB, FORCING THE DRIVER TO HALT. BUT THE "SERGEANT" IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK OPENED UP AT DREW...

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, PAL.

SCHWEINHUND!



NEXT SECOND, THE BRIDGE WAS THE SCENE OF A BATTLE ROYAL. THE PRISONERS\* POURED OUT OF THE TRUCK, GRABBING CARBINES FROM BEHIND THE TAILBOARD.





BUT THE GERMANS WERE TOO HEMMED IN TO MAKE THEIR SHOOTING DANGEROUS. THE BRITISH BULLETS THINNED THEIR RANKS, UNTIL AT LAST THEY SURRENDERED.



THE JERRIES PLANNED TO DRIVE OVER THE BRIDGE, UNSUSPECTED, THEN PILE OUT AND HOLD IT UNTIL THEIR TANKS GOT HERE! SURPRISE WAS ON THEIR SIDE - THEY MIGHT HAVE PULLED IT OFF!



HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR DREW, THE OSTEND BRIDGE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN DESTROYED - AND THE PANZERS WOULD HAVE HAD A CLEAR RUN TO DUNKIRK!

BUT HOW DID YOU GUESS IT WAS A JERRY TRICK?

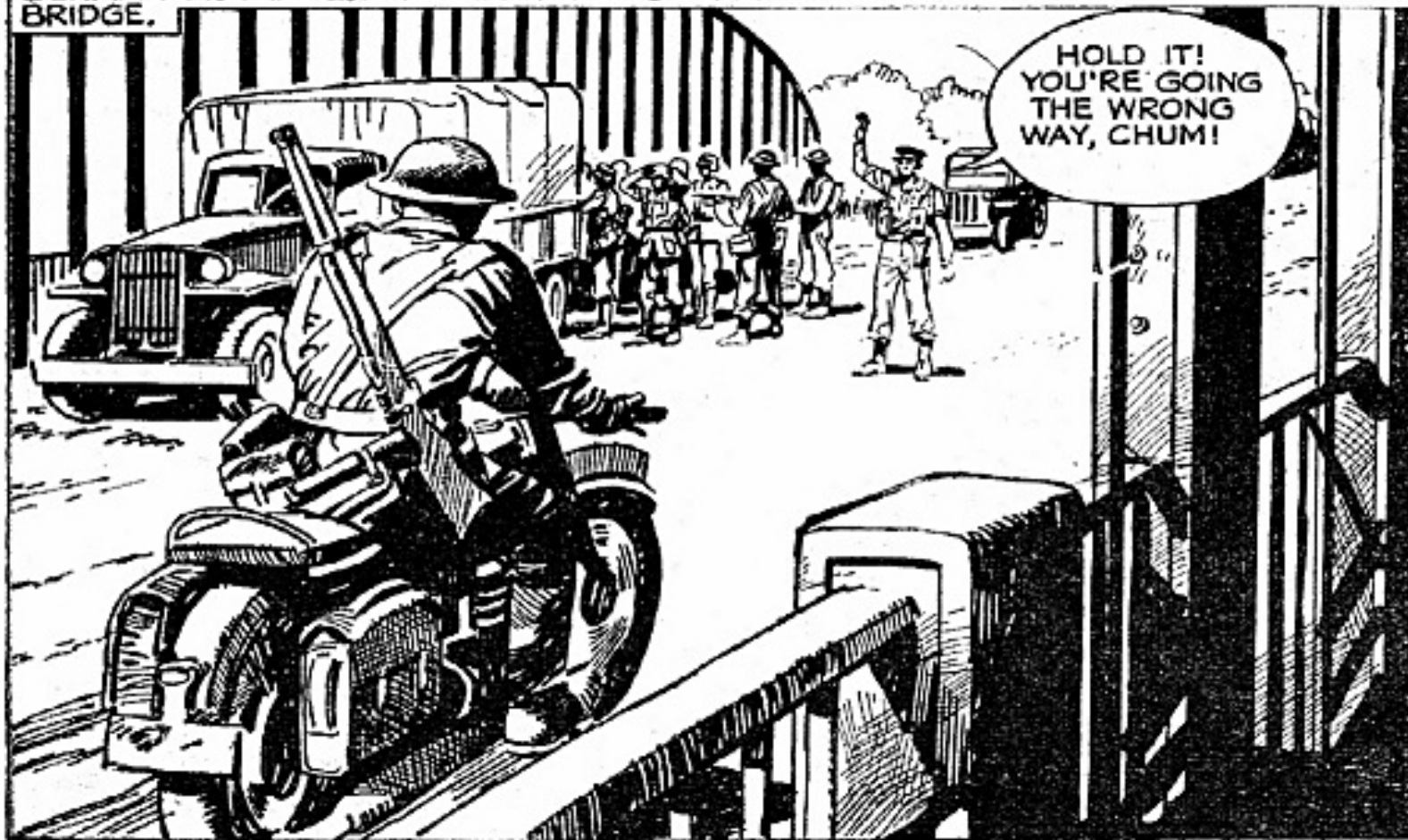
SOMEHOW... I JUST KNEW... DON'T ASK ME HOW, JOE ...



JUST AS THEY WERE HERDING THE PRISONERS BACK TO THE TRUCK, A DISPATCH-RIDER CAME PELTING TOWARDS THEM.



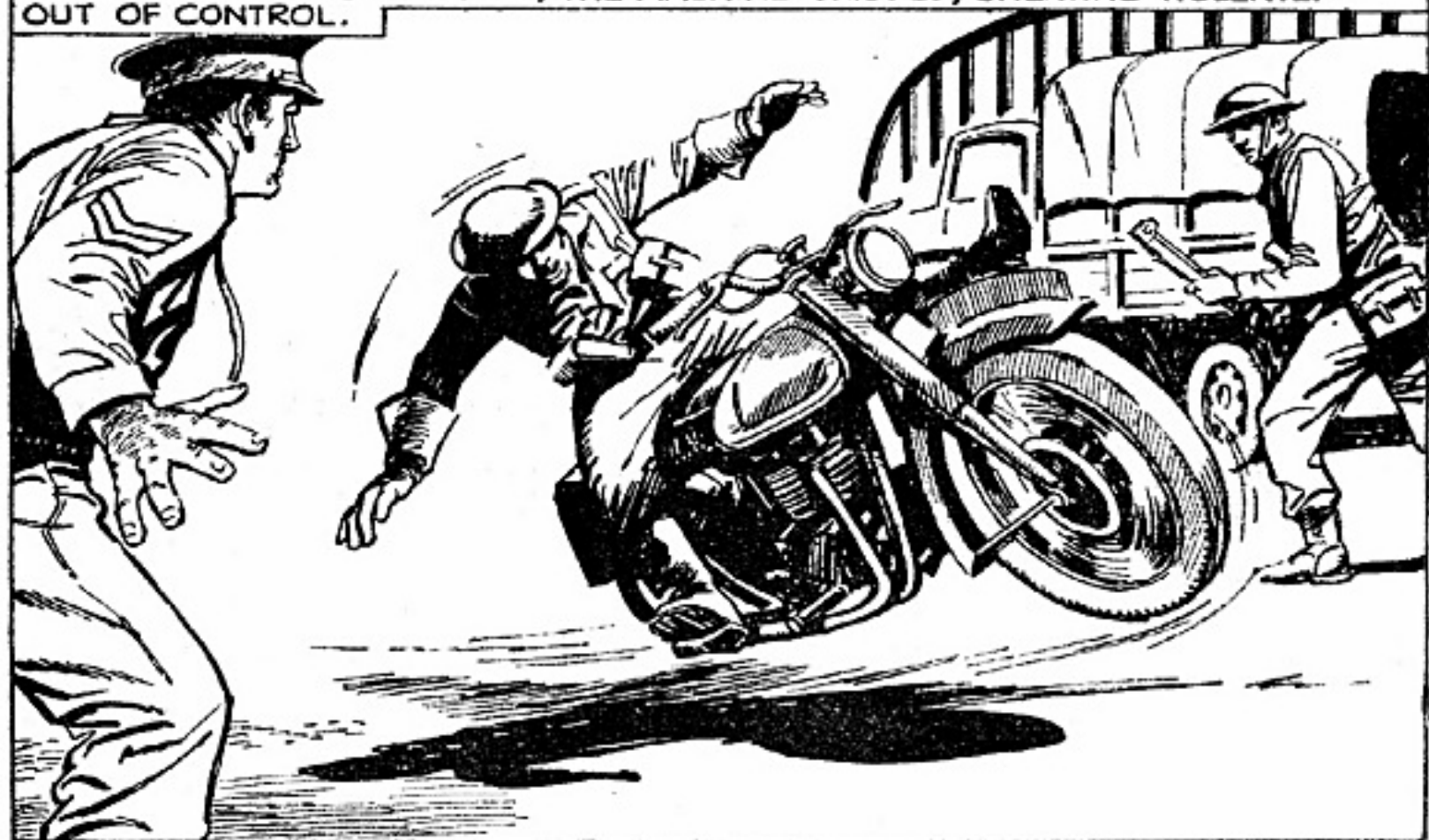
WHATEVER THE DISPATCH-RIDER WAS DOING, HE WAS HEADING TOWARDS THE GERMAN ADVANCE. A MILITARY POLICEMAN BLOCKED HIS WAY ACROSS THE BRIDGE.





# Missing, Believed Killed

AS THE RIDER TRIED TO STOP, THE MACHINE SKIDDED, SWERVING VIOLENTLY OUT OF CONTROL.



THE RIDER CRASHED AWKWARDLY, HIS RIGHT LEG TWISTING OMINOUSLY BENEATH HIM.



IT WAS OBVIOUS TO DREW THAT THE BOY HAD BROKEN HIS LEG - BUT STILL THE YOUNG RIDER TRIED TO PULL HIMSELF TO HIS FEET. GENTLY, DREW EASED HIM BACK AGAIN.



HE BEGAN TO TELL THEM OF HIS MISSION - A MISSION IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY SENDING A LONE DISPATCH-RIDER BACK INTO BELGIUM-LIKE A TERRIER INTO A PACK OF WOLVES.

I'VE GOT TO GET TO CORPS HEADQUARTERS - WHEREVER THEY ARE. THEY CAN'T BE CONTACTED BY WIRELESS.





IT WAS A CRAZY, ALMOST, HOPELESS MISSION. DREW HAD TAKEN THE WALLET FROM THE RIDER'S BELT AND WAS EXAMINING THE PAPER.

I THINK THIS IS IT! I MAY HAVE FOUND THE ANSWER TO IT ALL, JOE!

QUIT TALKING IN RIDDLES, MISTER! GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS POOR BLOKE.

THE INJURED BOY LOOKED UP AT DREW. HE WAS YOUNG, MAYBE ANOTHER MERE BOY WHO HAD RAISED HIS AGE TO FIND ADVENTURE...

YOU MEAN-  
YOU WOULD  
RIDE FOR  
ME...?

SURE! I'LL FIND  
CORPS H.Q.  
FOR YOU!

DREW'S DECISION DID NOT MAKE SENSE TO JOE...

WHY ARE YOU STICKING YOUR NECK OUT, MISTER? A MEDAL AIN'T WORTH IT. WE'VE A CHANCE TO GET AWAY.

THEN GO AND TAKE THE LAD WITH YOU!



DREW CLIMBED ON TO THE BIKE. BEFORE HE STARTED IT UP, HE SMILED AT JOE...

IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU, JOE. BEST OF LUCK-- AND TO YOU, KID!



DREW KICKED THE MACHINE TO LIFE, AND WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD SET OFF FOR THE EAST... AND FOR DANGER...

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE'S GOING TO FIND IT- BUT FOR MY MONEY, IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO CAN DO IT, THAT MAN'S DREW!





## Chapter 6. *The Truth*

IT HAD BEEN TWENTY YEARS AGO TO THE DAY. SITTING IN THE TURK'S HEAD, OFF OXFORD STREET, LONDON, JOE HAD FINISHED HIS STORY.

THE CORPS COMMANDER GOT BACK, THANKS TO DREW. BUT I RECKON YOU'LL AGREE THAT I WAS THE LAST TO SEE CHRIS DREW.

A STRANGER AT THE NEXT TABLE HAD BEEN LISTENING INTENTLY, AT FIRST PRETENDING NOT TO DO SO, BUT DISCARDING PRETENCE AS TIME WENT ON. NOW HE SPOKE...

PARDON, M'SIEUR— BUT YOU WERE NOT THE LAST ONE TO SEE DREW. I WAS THE LAST MAN HERE TO SEE HIM! AND IT WAS I WHO WARNED YOUR CORPS COMMANDER!



THE STRANGER'S NAME WAS JACQUES LAGONDE. HE HAD BEEN AN OFFICER IN THE FRENCH ARMY AND THE GESTAPO HAD ARRESTED HIM - FOR SPYING.

I WAS IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, YOU UNDERSTAND, AND DEATH CAME QUICKLY TO SPIES. THEN THEY BROUGHT THIS MAN DREW AND THREW HIM IN MY CELL. HE, TOO, HAD BEEN CAUGHT - IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES.



HE HAD TOLD LAGONDE OF HIS MISSION - SO NEAR SUCCESS AND STILL A FAILURE!

I GOT NEAR BUT I COULDN'T FIND CORPS HEADQUARTERS.

I KNOW WHERE IT IS! NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE! BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER! WE ARE BOTH TO DIE.





THE WORDS SNAPPED DREW INTO ACTION. IF LAGONDE KNEW WHERE H.Q. WAS - THEN THE FRENCHMAN MUST ESCAPE AND TAKE THE MESSAGE.



DREW HAD BEEN AS GOOD AS HIS WORD. WHEN THE GUARD HAD ENTERED THE CELL, DREW WENT FOR HIS KNEES LIKE A WILDCAT, FIGHTING HIM FOR HIS GUN...



BEFORE THEY SET OUT FROM THE CELL, DREW FORCED LAGONDE TO ACCEPT AN ODD PROMISE...

COME -  
WE WILL  
BOTH GO!

NO! I'LL COVER  
THE REAR. YOU  
MUST GET  
THROUGH! AND  
LAGONDE - PROMISE  
ME THIS. ON THE  
TWENTIETH OF MAY,  
NINETEEN-SIXTY - GO  
TO THE TURK'S HEAD  
HOTEL, OFF OXFORD  
STREET, IN LONDON.  
FRIENDS OF MINE  
WILL BE THERE.  
TELL THEM WHAT  
HAPPENED...

IT SEEMED A FANTASTIC REQUEST,  
BUT IT HAD STUCK IN THE  
FRENCHMAN'S MIND. OUTSIDE, THEY  
HAD RUN INTO MORE GUARDS,  
AND DREW FOUGHT THEM OFF  
WHILE LAGONDE GOT AWAY.





FOR DREW IT HAD BEEN THE END. NO MAN COULD HAVE SURVIVED LONG AGAINST SUCH ODDS.

I TOOK THE MESSAGE TO THE CORPS H.Q. LATER, THEY GAVE ME THE CROIX DE GUERRE. BUT I HAVE ALWAYS REMEMBERED HIS LAST REQUEST!



FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS SILENCE - AS IF ALL OF THEM WERE REMEMBERING AGAIN THE MAN CALLED DREW. THEN...

I HAVE TRIED THROUGH THE YEARS TO LEARN ABOUT HIM, THIS BRAVE ENGLISHMAN. ALL I COULD FIND WAS THAT HE WAS POSTED AS MISSING, BELIEVED KILLED IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR. AFTER THAT - NOTHING!



YET ONE THING STILL PUZZLED JOE JOHNSON...

BUT WHY  
DID HE GET US  
HERE? WHY  
DID HE PICK  
THIS PUB?

I CAN  
EXPLAIN THAT!  
CHRISTOPHER DREW  
WAS MY BROTHER! HE  
WAS BORN HERE! OUR  
PARENTS KEPT THIS  
HOUSE, AND I TOOK  
IT OVER WHEN  
THEY DIED.



THE PUBLICAN WENT TO A CUPBOARD BEHIND THE BAR. FROM IT HE TOOK A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH.

FROM  
THAT DAY IN  
NINETEEN - EIGHTEEN  
WHEN HE WAS REPORTED  
MISSING, UNTIL  
TONIGHT I THOUGHT  
HE HAD DIED IN  
THE FIRST  
WAR.

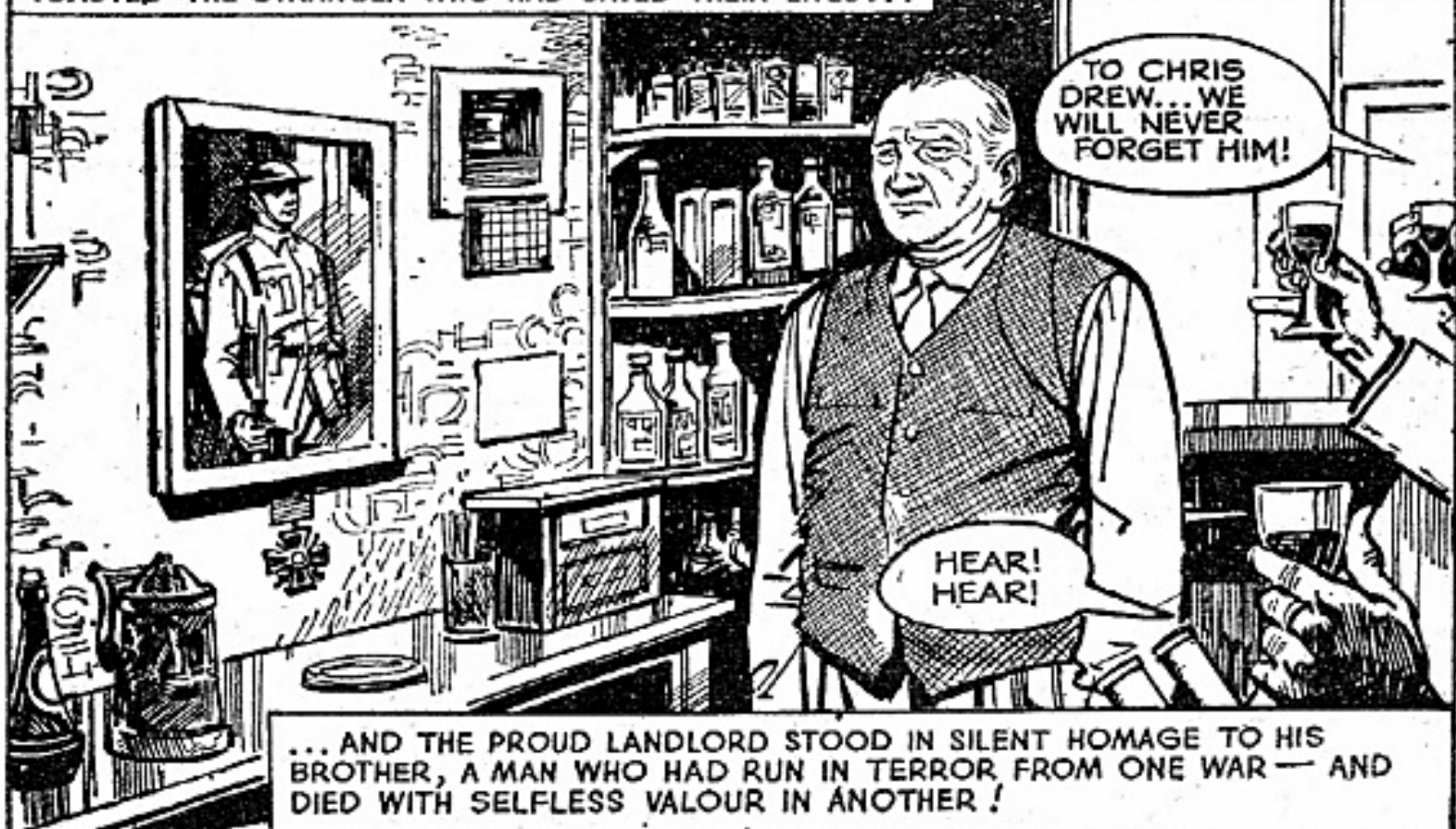




SOMETHING HAD GRIPPED ALL THEIR HEARTS. LAGONDE WAS A FRENCHMAN - HIS GESTURE WAS TYPICAL...



A BRAVE MAN, THAT WAS CHRIS DREW! ON THAT EVENING IN MAY, 1960, FOUR MEN TOASTED THE STRANGER WHO HAD SAVED THEIR LIVES...



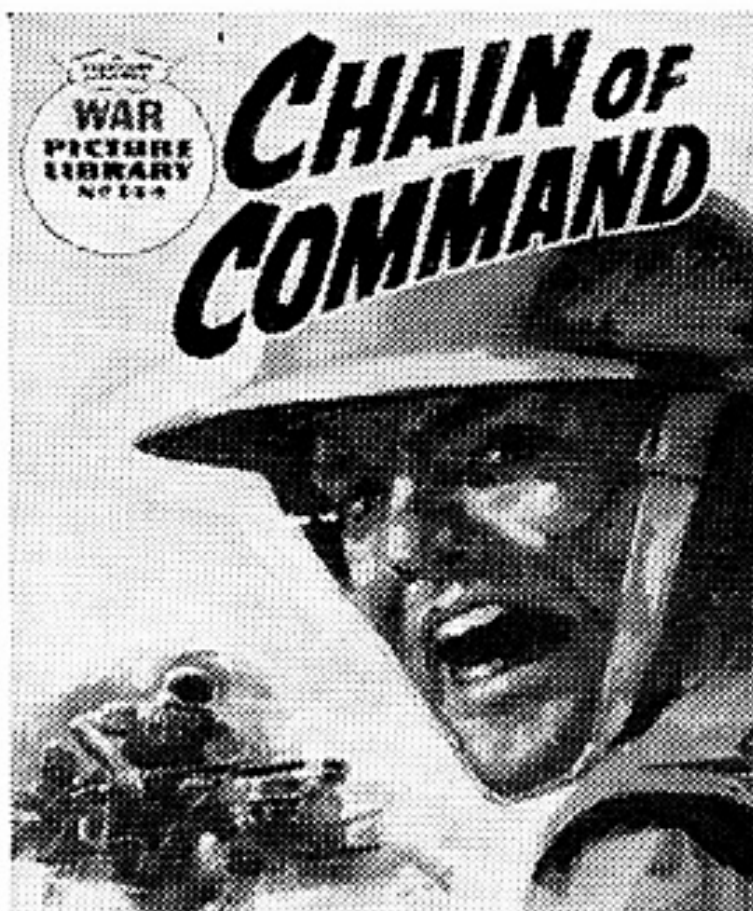
... AND THE PROUD LANDLORD STOOD IN SILENT HOMAGE TO HIS BROTHER, A MAN WHO HAD RUN IN TERROR FROM ONE WAR - AND DIED WITH SELFLESS VALOUR IN ANOTHER!

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HEROES**



They fought, while the red fury of war  
rolled across the land !



In battle he proved he was fit to join  
their valiant ranks !

**ALSO ON SALE NOW :—**

**No. 145.—DOODLEBUG**

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale  
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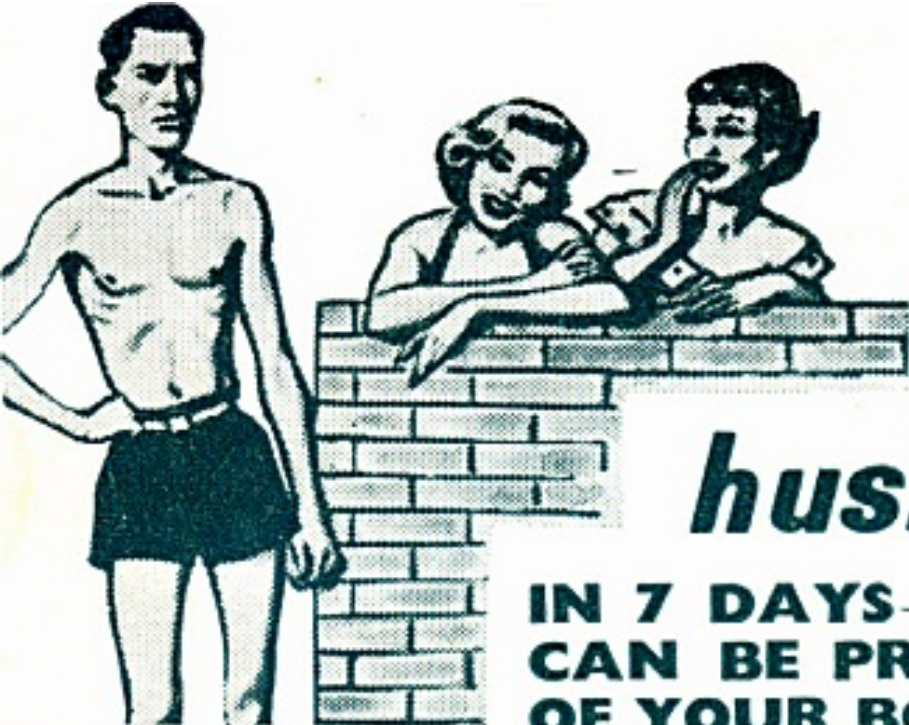
**No. 148.—THE UNEXPECTED**

**No. 150.—THE MARK OF THE  
EAGLE**

**No. 149.—THE SKY'S THE LIMIT**

**No. 151.—FEAR IS THE ENEMY**





# Show them you can become a husky he-man

**IN 7 DAYS—I'LL PROVE YOU  
CAN BE PROUD  
OF YOUR BODY!**

Don't let others take the "mickey" out of you because of your skinny build! Give me seven days and I'll prove that you'll add powerful **NEW MUSCLE** so fast your friends will gape with wonder! I don't dose or doctor you. And I've no use for weights and other contraptions that may strain your vital inner organs.

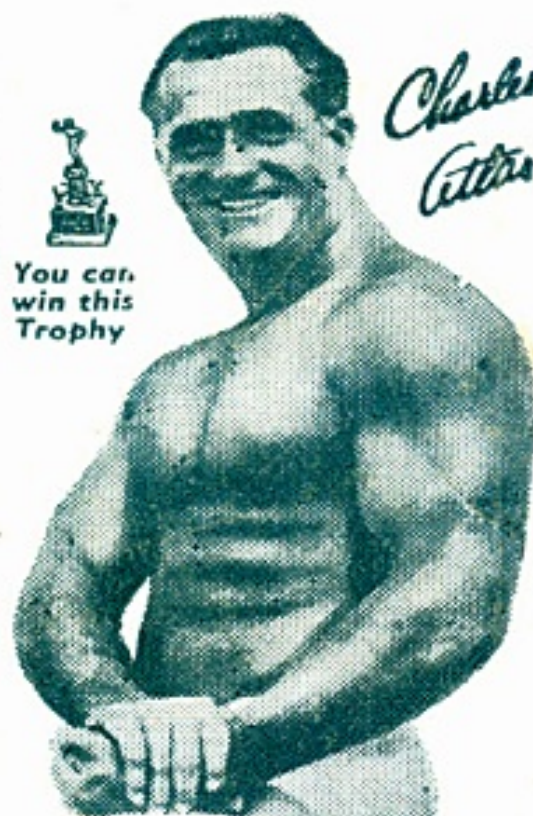
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